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Who Are We?

In a magazine before us is an article on the immigration to this country and graphic pictures of the different people that come. The first is a half-tone of three Cossacks and the account says 5,500 of this race were admitted last year. We like these. They are all standing and their pose is splendid. It is easy to imagine that with but a little training they would be ready to ride "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell." Or they would be handy men on a stock ranch or for shift bosses in mines, or men of affairs anywhere.

The next picture is that of a German family, a father, mother one daughter and seven sons. They are all right. It was to the Kaiser's loss and our gain when they left "der Fatherland."

The third picture is of a Scotch family, the father, mother, seven daughters and four sons. They are altogether canny and superb. Too many of them cannot come. A picture of a Finnish girl is a direct contradiction of the general idea of Finns. This girl has a superb head and fine intelligent face.

Two Russian sisters, one grown, one a child, are a disappointment. The expression on the face of the grown girl is stolid and vengeful, on the child the look is one of infinite sadness with a half shaded expression of fear.

A picture of an Alsace Lorraine girl is a clear blending of French and German and is a happy go lucky little matter of fact young lady who does not mean to be surprised no matter what happens.

A group of Polish and Slovak women reveals plenty of intelligence, but there is a bitter look on every face as of unforgivable wrongs suffered.

A Ruthenian girl's face is bright but coarse, and the face of a typical southern Italian girl is the counterpart of thousands to be seen in this country. Two Holland children are as sturdy and solid as were the children of that land who in manhood drove out the Spaniard and reclaimed an empire from the sea.

A group of three Holland women is given. The faces are of those to whom work is second nature and duty a steady guiding star.

The picture of a Roumanian peasant shows a strong, aggressive face and of a man who must see a thing before he believes it.

A group of Hindoos and Parsees shows plenty of intellect and alertness that under generous conditions would crystallize into sagacious citizens.

A group of Arabs shows the questioning expression of "show me," and there is present even in the picture the bearing of an untamable race.

The picture of a Hungarian family is a disappointment, so stolid is it. It must have been from the coarsest strata of the race.

A picture of a group of Servian gypsies reveals some very tough specimens of the race. There is no lack of talent, but no group of woodrats or vahoons could give off a more cunning expression. They are masters of the Black Art sure.

Of these races about one million landed on our shores last year, they are already merged with our people. The tide is still coming in and with increasing flow.

The question is what will the American race be fifty years hence? There ought to be plenty of strength, plenty of brain, but such a mingling of dark passions and bright hopes, that it will be a hard race to control. And the tendency is for these several races to be cianfah, to build up little communities such as they were familiar with in native land. It will be the second generation before they begin to mingle much with each other and with the older native race here. But whatever else may come, there will be no brighter race on earth; not one that can do more or will dare more. It is a pity that they cannot be taught and disciplined for a year or two and given a real idea of what our country is as ought to be in the world, before they take up their life-work here.

Young Utah, It Is Up to You.

These are days when young Utah should be doing some thinking. You may not like the men who take exceptions to the methods of your church leaders, but you ought to like your sisters, your mothers and your wives so well as to determine that you will never again support any cause or any man who would, if he could, handicap Utah in the Union of States or bring sorrow to your sister, your mother or your wife.

Ask those whom you trust, what Utah was just one generation back, when the endowment house was smoking and no man could get preferment unless he had more than one living wife. How much had Utah advanced in a generation? What kind of school houses were there? What hopes were held out to the youth of the state? What progress was visible on any hand?

Well, ask the first bishop that you meet, whether the Woodruff revelation was really a revelation. If he answers "yes," ask him why it has never yet been printed in any book of the church.

President Woodruff's own statement, in the privacy of his home was that the manifesto was issued because the church lawyers had told him and his counsellors that if something was not done, the whole Mormon people were liable to be disfranchised. That leaves the original revelation blinding now. You have seen at least five apostles take plural wives since that manifesto was issued. If there is anything in the words and acts of a man to show the trend of his mind that revelation is held by Joseph F. Smith above all others. Note the men he gives high places in the church, are they not every one polygamists? Do you want that to again become the rule? Did you ever read of a polygamous coun-

try that in a little while did not become a nation of surfs and masters?

But an election is coming soon. How are you going to vote? You are told every day by the Deseret News that there are no strings on you, that you may think and vote as you please. You know that has never been true in the past, but what are you going to do this year? Are you going to vote to stop the present progress, or will you vote to keep it moving on? Some of you have real estate. How does the value of it compare with its value two years ago? You are supposed to be thinking of those dearest to you. Call the agitators bad men if you please, but keep in mind that they have never asked you to be anything but live, earnest Americans, and then decide what is best for you and all whom you love.

Your teachers have told you all your lives that the Constitution of the United States was inspired. Well that declares that there shall be no union of church and state. So does the Constitution of Utah, and further that no church shall usurp any functions of the state. You know both of these are being violated every day. Can you not this year break away and vote like free men? You owe it to your household gods and to your own self-respect.

On Plymouth Rock.

It is two hundred and eighty-seven years since the Mayflower tumbled and rolled within the sheltering arms of Cape Cod and dropped her anchors in front of what is now the city of Plymouth. The other day a monument to commemorate the day was unveiled there with fitting solemnities. The Bay State sent her senators, at least one Representative and her Governor to speak on the occasion and the President of the United States on the yacht Mayflower went there to help in the honors to be accorded to the occasion and the guns of a great fleet of warships roared approval. It was proper, too, for there was a new dispensation to man; right there rang out the command of right about face and forward march to the world's nations.

We do not care what Governors, Senators and the President said on that occasion; because no mortal now on the earth, no mortal who ever lived on the earth could do that occasion justice. It was bigger than any man. The landing of that little ship was an event which made the dividing line between the methods that had been in vogue for thousands of years, and the new methods that held their germ in that little ship. Before then men were nothing, some man was everything. The grating of the keel of the Mayflower on that strand was a notice that the old rule was to be reversed, that henceforth men were to be everything and no man could be of note unless he honestly earned a place for himself.

It was a stubborn old race that landed there. Many of their ways were harsh, many of their acts cruel with the cruelty of ignorance and bigotry, but beneath all there were fixed ideas that all men should be free and have a fair chance to work out a name and fame. And this determination was transmitted from father to son while five generations of them lived and died. The stern discipline of the frontier fitted them for what was to be and when the time was ripe they